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2020

IV. Gifts of Taste: Discussing Wine With Heraclitus and Friedrich Hölderlin

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Sieh! und das Schattenbild unserer Erde, der Mond
Kommet geheim nun auch die Schwärmerische, die Nacht kommt,
Voll mit Sternen

Look! and mysterious, the shadow-world of our Earth, the moon,
Rises with it; and Night, the fanciful dreamer, rises,
Full of stars:

Friedrich Holderlin *Brod und Wein*

GIFTS OF TASTE:

Discussing Wine

With Heraclitus

and

Friedrich Hölderlin

It happened on a weekday evening. Dinner was *Pasta e Fagioli* and I would have chosen a wine from Tuscany. But, in my cellar a thought arose to explore, and a 19-year-old 1999 *Paitin di Pasquero-Elia Barbaresco Sorì Paitin*¹ ended up on the table. A new pairing plus a wine from a new-to-me producer I had waited 15 years for it to mature provided opportunities. *Pasta e Fagioli* should be a fine accompanist to the wonderful softening taste of a maturing Barbaresco from the good 1999 vintage. The pairing worked well enough to repeat. That was merely the prelude.



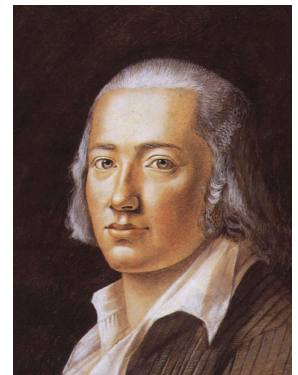
This Barbaresco immediately had a *presence* that persisted long after tasting. Wines imbed themselves in our memory in diverse ways. This memory's origin is an enigmatic taste. Having strategically explored wines from Barolo and Barbaresco for over 40 years, my observation of something surprising in this wine was like the ring of a bell I had heard only a few times before. I had tasted a bottle of this wine two years earlier and I expected an evolution of the same. It was not the same. A first accounting for the difference seemed easily named as the bottle-to-bottle variation normal in aged wines. That explanation persists but quickly faded into more questions. I could not explain the experience satisfactorily.

Immersed just then in studying Friedrich Hölderlin's poem *Bread and Wine* (1801), two lines connected to the experience of tasting this wine...

*Wunderbar ist die Gunst der Hoherhabnen und niemand
Weiß von wannen und was einem geschieht von ihr.*

Wondrous is the kindness of the sublime (Night):
No one knows what may come to us from her, or whence.

This is the beginning of the second stanza. *Night* metaphorically names *what is: Being*. What is given to us comes at times, if we notice, filled with wonder, worthy of our attention and our thought. Not knowing what will present itself or when, or how, can be a source of wonder about *Being*. The insight is captured by an appropriately paradoxical fragment Hölderlin² would have known from the Ancient Greek thinker Heraclitus: *Expect the unexpected*. Neither of them started from this profound grasp of our experience of *what is*. No one does. It arises from concrete experiences that one eventually connects, however unlike their origins may be. In another fragment Heraclitus says he prefers to study things that can be seen or heard, i.e., concrete things. *Bread and Wine* opens depicting carriages "bejeweled with lit lanterns" rumbling homeward. The city rests and the streets grow quiet. Having finished a day's work of *aptly balancing gain against loss* and then shopping in a busy market, one can rest at home contented. When home, Hölderlin does not cease paying attention to sound. No longer hearing noises of the day, one listens as one does in one's own way. He listens to a stringed instrument *singing* in a distant garden, to bells chiming, and then to garden fountains splashing on *fragrant*



¹ Since 2007 this wine has been called *Paitin di Pasquero-Elia Barbaresco Serraboella Sorì Paitin*.

² Franz Karl Hiemer artist QS:P170,Q1446439, FK Hiemer - Friedrich Hölderlin (Pastell 1792), marked as public domain, more details on Wikimedia Commons

flower beds. He pays attention and then describes individual sense experiences that have a *presence* for him. He does not think them; he hears and sees and smells.

The poetics telling of this attentiveness are worthy of lingering notice. Radical changes occur when one gets home. Released from work, one becomes deeply contented (*Wohlfrieden zu Hause*). *Zu Hause* has a far richer meaning beyond distinguishing one's residence from other spaces (work and shopping). *Zu Hause* one is allowed to be one's authentic self, allowed to be *Wohlfrieden*. This profound change is made clear with one word, *Aber*, beginning the line "But a stringed instrument sings..." *Aber* is as normal in German as *but is* in English, and could merely say that musical sound replaces the rumbling of carriages. But there is a crucial added dimension in that *Aber*. Hölderlin had studied at the Tübingen Stift, a Lutheran seminary, where he was a friend of the young philosopher Hegel. Two years after Hölderlin wrote this poem, Hegel published his *Phenomenology of Spirit*. That book introduces Hegel's mature style of thinking – developing each idea in great depth after which a turn, a reversal produced by critical thinking, takes place. These reversals are announced by Hegel's not-at-all-simple word *Aber*. This pattern of thinking has long been referred to as the *dialectic* – *thesis* turns into its *antithesis*, then into a *synthesis* to which another *antithesis* arises.... The Dialectic is incorrectly understood almost mechanistically, but for Hegel these turns of thought are characterized above all by authentic surprise. Hölderlin uses *Aber* throughout *Bread and Wine* precisely in this mode of announcing an unexpected turn. A related fragment of Heraclitus adds:

eyes and ears are bad witnesses for those who have barbarian souls

We must both notice carefully what we see and hear and then thoughtfully consider those experiences. This change in thought is the move from initial experiences of sight and sound to a deeper sense of *Being* as *that which changes*. Heraclitus and Hölderlin begin with sight and sound as what is present to them – *bejeweled carriages rumbling / eyes and ears*. I invite us into their conversation through *Taste*. The taste puzzle of that Barbaresco called for thoughtfulness beyond the original experience noting its difference.

Hölderlin's poem eloquently but subtly emphasizes that when *zu Hause* one might become released from daily activities and also daily ways of understanding. In restful quietude one hears that stringed instrument *singing*. Perhaps it is a lover playing, he wonders, or a person remembering a distant friend or thinking of youthful times. The sound of water flowing in a garden bed is named by the same verb, *rauschen*, that named the sound of carriages bringing people home. Both are sounds of motion but, they are also not at all the same. Then one hears bells tolling in twilight air and attention expands to seeing in that twilight what is present as well as hearing what is present though unseen. One sees tops of trees moving as (unseen) gusts of wind arise. Having named the sounds heard at home of things mostly unseen, Hölderlin then invites us to look. *Look at the moon* (shadow image of our world) that has come mysteriously (*ge-heim*). The rising of the moon is as normal as being at work during the day or shopping in the market on the way home. Home (*Heim*) is connected by its very name to that which is mysterious. The surprising reversal is from daylight to shadow, clarity to mystery. Such is the first layer of Hölderlin's Hegelian reversal. One of the mysteries of home is precisely how deep contentment may come to presence there. The sound heard was obviously recognized to be from a specific instrument (not identified) but Hölderlin wonders instead about the occasion of that music. Effusive Night comes as do the stars. Moon, Night and stars are all little concerned, we are told, about humans. Night comes gleaming astonishingly, worthy of our thought but at the same time Night is strange to most humans. Balancing gain against loss or riding in carriages jeweled with lanterns is not strange, but Night gleams astonishingly, mysteriously, foreign as it does in Van Gogh's *Starry Night Over the Rhône*.

Mysterious (Geheim) Wine at Home (Heim)

Hölderlin does not refer to wine in the opening of the poem other than its title; nor is there reference to taste. The seen and unseen, the heard and smelled, are noted. Nonetheless, a wine (the Paitin Barbaresco) can present truly unanticipated, *geheim*. mysterious sense experiences occasionally enough that *expecting the unexpected* describes their presences. Chapter 1 explored the impossibility of predicting that a truly great (Beautiful) wine will actually appear even when we expect one will. Hölderlin's Night metaphor of *what is*, of *Being* is far more extensive yet clearly inclusive of the appearance of the Beautiful. I was *zu Hause* when I opened the Paitin Barbaresco. Although I did not expect a change of consciousness, I now understand that moment was a turn away from my regular experience of wine with a meal. Re-reading the opening stanza the day after tasting the Paitin Barbaresco I began connecting events in the poem and my taste puzzle. Tasting unlike an earlier bottle, the second was initially, as noted, explainable as exhibiting the familiar bottle-to-bottle variation of aged wines. *Aber...*

Tasting wine is normally approached in ways analogous to Hölderlin's description of *aptly balancing gain against loss*. I did observe, as I usually do, that the Paitin's bouquet was very consistent with what one expects from a Barbaresco aged properly for 19 years. Aptly balancing gain against loss is a mode of identifying the differences and similarities between things. Establishing differences is what Kant meant (Ch.1) by the word Understanding. This wine tasted like one made in a *traditional* style, as in the distinction between traditional and modern applied to wines from the Piemonte made in the 1990s. Winemakers in that era, often taking over from their fathers, were changing the methods of making wines in order to improve them. by using new, small oak barrels for cellar aging before bottling, instead of the previous well-used large wooden vats, *botti*. Additional changes in the vineyard and winery produced significant and controversial stylistic changes. The traditional taste of this Barbaresco is conspicuously different from modern style wines made in that region at that time. This bottle also tasted unlike the previous one in having more distinctive flavors of maturity (tertiary flavors). It had a sweet softness on the finish not encountered in its predecessor but similar to the taste I have noted in other fully mature wines from Barolo and Barbaresco. Yet another version of indicating differences between wines is ranking a wine in terms of overall quality compared to similar wines. Many use a numerical scale to differentiate wines from one another. Not inclined to quantitative scoring, I observed that, while quite good, it was not a great Barbaresco. A recent *1996 Produttori del Barbaresco Rabajà Reserva* was, by contrast, unquestionably in the highest category. Having noted all of these elements distinguishing this wine from its peers or not, I nevertheless knew that my whole analysis, in addition to its correctness, (*aber*) did not grasp the unique character of its taste.

That Barbaresco *sang* for me in a quiet space. As I "listened," each of the typically noticed characteristics came into my attention and none as much as the presence of a unique taste of maturity. That singular taste brought back to me the taste of a *1968 Pio Cesare Barbaresco* at a similar age and of very similar late maturity. Late maturity names taste still unquestionably of a distinct *terroir*. It is taste at the end of that mature phase before the wine evolves into tasting more like *any old wine* rather than a wine from one place. The tastes of those two Barbarescos were similar in singing that last note so "on pitch," but more important still, their tones were not the same. The Paitin's taste had a clarity that distinguished it from the Pio Cesare's mellowness of a slowly simmered stew. Both were glorious, but in separate ways. Renata Tebaldi compared to Maria Callas singing *Casta Diva* (Bellini's *Norma*).

The longer I thought about the taste of that Barbaresco, the more that experience evolved from being a puzzle for which I had not yet found the solution, to being an enduring mystery. The taste of the Paitin Barbaresco came to me so clearly that it *gleamed* as Hölderlin says of the Moon; and both gleamed mysteriously. The difference I have noted between it and the other similar Barbaresco still did not grasp the *presence* of the taste. Its presence *filled* my

consciousness as I tasted it; then, in my thoughts a different presence appeared. Memories of a college friend that I had not seen in almost 50 years sat with me at the table beside the Paitin's taste presence. This transformation of thought was not prompted by Hölderlin's text; I was simply tasting a wine and then my friend appeared in my thoughts. Returning to the poem the next day, no longer wondering about that wine, the passage telling of the violin singing in that garden, remembering a distant friend, presented to me immediately a richer meaning. The connection between the taste of that wine and the presence of my friend came to me as did the Moon for Hölderlin. Since college our paths had diverged, but we knew what each other had done. His recent Facebook posts reported a trip via train to see his brother. Remembering the taste of this wine became entwined with what I imagined it would be like to be sitting there with him after so many years. I know what a mature Barbaresco tastes like. As I tasted this one, it was true that the tastes resembled the expected but were also, more clearly, different — surprisingly so. The concrete presence of the taste was singular. The experience was strangely similar to imagining sitting there with my friend and experiencing him in person once again. The experience was one of noticing how the person I knew well long ago has become the person I might now be with. There would be qualities that were not surprising, as well as ones that did surprise. In the wine I noted many details of how the wine had developed from where it had started into what was indeed present at the moment. The matured wine was real; the presence of the friend imaginary. The past of the wine was actually imaginary, since I had not tasted it when it was young. The experiences of the wine and of my friend became woven together.

The *presence* of the taste of that wine became for me *geheim*, mysterious. Hölderlin describes this coming out of the shadows into presence as coming from Night, as having been prepared for me by Night. So, too, was the presence of wondering about how it would be to be with that friend once again. He had been deeply involved with the college newspaper while we were students and I know he had later worked for a newspaper and then taught journalism at college level. Hearing the details of those stories would hardly be surprising, one assumes. On the other hand, he was not, as I recall, religious as an undergraduate, but now I read that he is deeply involved in Buddhism. While not surprised at this, I wonder at how this arose. It came mysteriously from Night.

Flowing words Flowing taste

Having left the clarity of day and its light, Hölderlin explores more carefully this realm of mystery. Not even the wisest among us, we are told, knows what Night prepares for us. Plato (unquestionably studied by Hölderlin), observed that fear of suffering is a more affective driver of human behavior than is hope for the Good. Most humans find mystery, the possibly harmful unexpected that comes from Night, to be threatening. Fear of the unknown is certainly quite different from the contentment of being at home considered earlier. Understanding entails the establishing of difference and of similarity; it is a clarity that is found in activities done in the light of day, a balancing gain against loss that is expected to be protective. After considering the preference many have for light-filled day, Hölderlin turns with another *Aber...*

but at times the clear eye also loves the shadow.

Dedicating songs to Night is appropriate, he insists, because Night hallows those who have questions, who love questioning. I responded to that Barbaresco above all as a question filling my attention. *Being*, Night in this poem, is filled with mystery, that which fascinates through love of shadows. For Hölderlin, Night is in its essence *free* to present to us what it will. To wine lovers it may present what we have learned to expect — and mostly does — but it can also both excite and bewilder us with surprises. Acknowledging Night's fundamental *freedom*, Hölderlin again starts a new thought with *Aber*.

But Night must grant that for us some things endure.

Earlier he insisted that we look at the Moon; now he commands that forgetfulness and holy intoxication be granted to lovers of shadows, to lovers of questions filled with mystery. This turn has to do with how we respond to a mystery that has appeared to us. Forgetfulness includes forgetting the sensible / protective weighing of gain and loss in sun-lit day. It is a different forgetfulness from usual forgetfulness. Almost all wine lovers take notes on the wines tasted to help them remember differences of taste. The quantitative scoring mentioned earlier and notes of taste elements like red fruit or berries or soft tannins, seek to map the components for the sake of memory. Here, with *holy intoxication* and *forgetfulness*, we must be granted our freedom for what Hölderlin names *our own flowing word*. This turn is clearly following Hegel (and Kant before him) in moving to the apprehending Subject only after having explored the observed Object that has been presented to us (and that we want to remember). If we are presented the *fundamentally mysterious*, we must be granted freedom to forget the every-day self that deals with day-lit things, the self that seeks to find clarity, to eliminate shadows. Taking the mask off a mystery is certainly one response, indeed perhaps the most frequent response to *Being* by our usual self. Holy inebriation allows forgetting of that usual self. And this thought *also* turns again with the command to grant us also *holy remembrance* that prompts us to remain watchful at Night.

A wine that granted me my experience of Hölderlin's flowing word was a 16-year-old 2003 *Domaine de Montille Volnay Taillepieds*, consumed like the Paitin Barbaresco *zu Hause*. It would be in vain, as Hölderlin says, for me to try to hide the joy tasting this wine brought forth. I can give a sensible weighing of its qualities as classic Volnay delicacy, classic De Montille authentic expression of a *terroir*, or of its expression of the 2003 vintage, with its record-setting heat. Such an analysis helps us decide when to open the next bottle. But it was the joy of the taste that mattered and distinguished its *presence*. Hölderlin says nothing can forbid me the joy in that mysterious taste. Neither can he be forbidden the joy of his flowing word. This is not a matter of granting permission. The poem tells of the kindling of *sacred fire*. We do not know what Night may present to us, nor may we know what may arise from within ourselves as joy of flowing word or of flowing taste. Again he commands,



Come that we may look at the Open.

The change from seeing the Moon and the shadows of Night, to looking at the *Open* is constituted by the move from object back to subject. This looking originates out of the kindling of fire inside us. When we look at the *Open* we seek what is our own. One thing, says Hölderlin, is steadfast—

a Measure endures, common to all, yet each of us is allotted our own.

Hölderlin's own *Measure* is obviously his *flowing word*. He is not alone in having this kind of Measure. Language is common to all. But Hölderlin has his *own* Measure of flowing words. His Measure may be celebrated by others, including many poets, yet it differs from the Measure of each of the others. These Measures, for Hölderlin, are *gifts that come from Night*, from the *Open*, to us. Hölderlin is describing a force that takes hold of us individually. Such force comes mysteriously and it is one's own. Taste is a Measure common to all. But—and here, too, this "but" is far from a simple word—each is allotted one's own Measure of taste, and these are not the same. The joy in tasting that 2003 *De Montille Volnay* was, for me, *flowing in my own way*. Having arisen from within, it will not be forgotten. For readers of these remembrances of individual wines, there will be their own wines of their own *flowing Tastes*.

The Measure given has its own mysteries. One goes toward it and returns as one can, as I am doing in this chapter. Both the Barbaresco and the Volnay had their own powerful mystery,

but not the same. Each made me ask, *What's this?* as a real question. One never knows when these mysteries will arise. We are suddenly and unexpectedly grasped (in sanctified Night) by the Measure that is ours. Again we are told what to do. *Come! Come to the Isthmus!* (of Ancient Greece) now that it has happened that we have been grasped by our own Measure (described now as *an approaching God*). Hölderlin was deeply influenced at the seminary, as was Hegel, by the study of Ancient Greece. Clearly Hölderlin did not expect to have a passionate fascination for the ancient world burst forth as it had in him. Again the words are his own flowing ones. The Isthmus is where the open sea surges. The sea *rauscht*, the same verb connected already first to the sounds of carriages and then to the fountain in a garden. Three easily distinguishable sounds tied together mysteriously by the same verb. Four lines later the river Ismenos (the River-god) *rauscht* (roars). What connects these four sounds is mysterious indeed, but more deeply compelling is the invitation to consider more fully their connection.

If we wish to obey Hölderlin's command to come to the Isthmus, we need to follow not so much his as our own Measure. Fifty years ago, a completely unanticipated passion for fine wine burst forth in me (gently, hardly roaring). It surges and calms as does the sea at the Isthmus. I had tasted a 2003 De Montille Volay Taillepieds a year or so earlier. It was everything I had expected, but also not anything other than the expected. I had also tried De Montille's 2003 Volnay Champans, with a similar experience. Both were fine wines by whatever criteria. About a month before the second Taillepieds, I opened a 2003 De Montille Pommard Rugiens. This was my first De Montille Rugiens, but I had expectations. I was deeply pleased with the Rugiens. It had more weight than the Volnays, and a richness of taste that stood out. It was special. Having read that there was a proposal to have Rugiens promoted from *premier cru* to *grand cru*, I thought I could imagine the arguments. I was, despite having tasted these "siblings," not prepared for the second Taillepieds. It was on a completely different level. Weeks after tasting it, I found an article by Eric Asimov, "Marsannay: Modest but Fully Realized Burgundy" (*New York Times*, January 28, 2016):

Of the many beautiful things about good red Burgundy, the most striking is the way the wine keeps changing before you. From the moment you open a bottle and pour the first glass, a cascade of elusive aromas and flavors captures your attention. They begin gently and delicately, perhaps reminding you of enticing flowers and red fruits. With a little time, they may toughen, with suggestions of rocks and metals, even animals, before sweetening again. They reel you in, toss you back, and just when you believe the wine has reached equilibrium, it changes again. The mind reels. The spirit soars. Forgive me if I sound hyperbolic. That's how I feel about Burgundy. It's not magic, but it is mystery, and no wine more than Burgundy conveys the inscrutability at the core of all great wines.

This description of tasting a wine as it evolves in the glass tells of one of the mysteries that can captivate. A similar progression from finally reaching equilibrium to making yet another change can happen as wines age in the cellar—Burgundies for sure, and other wines as well. I had several bottles of 2005 Bouchard Père et Fils Gevrey-Chambertin that seemed to have settled into a simple, quite pleasant wine, only then to seem to explode with new sweet mature fruit flavors in several more recent bottles. I am tempted to agree with Asimov that Burgundy is the most mysterious in this way. *Aber* that Paitin Barbaresco was mysterious too.

Hölderlin begins the next stanza: "Blessed Greece, you house of all that is heavenly." *You house (du Haus)* brings us back to the Being of at home/*zu Hause*. He says *Du*, the pronoun used with family and relatives, close friends, young children, pets, and God, in contrast to the formal *Sie* used with strangers, business associates, and acquaintances. *Du* says much about his relation to that ancient world. A list of questions, introduced by another "*Aber*" follows:

Where are the Temples now?
Where the Thrones?
Where the Vessels filled with Nectar?
Where the Song beloved of gods?
Where, where do far-reaching oracles illuminate?
Where does weighty Destiny thunder?

We have returned to a *presence* of what could be seen, what could be illuminated, what could be heard, as we were at the beginning of the poem. Even a glass of 2003 De Montille Volnay Taillepièdes nectar may have its place. For Hölderlin, *a cry that flows from tongue to tongue* asks these questions again and again. Those who ask do not “bear life alone,” and neither did the person playing the violin in a garden where unseen others might hear and share in the feeling. Such sharing brings joy. Exchanging a passion for song, for oracles of destiny, with strangers is a celebration. Hölderlin adds,

Sleeping, the word's power grows.

Hölderlin's flowing word had, he knew, been awake in Ancient Greece.

Forces define our Being

The growing power of the word, of the *flowing word*, allows us to consider further an earlier question. Hölderlin's choice of the same verb, *rauschen*, to name *sounds*:

carriages *rumbling* through city streets,
fountains *splashing* into garden beds,
a *surging* sea
the *roaring* river Ismenos

gives the same name to four sounds that are not the same. Another change has occurred at this point. We have returned to a *presence* of sounds and of things seen, things illuminated, but (Aber) instead of sounds of city life being heard, now the sounds are of *words* themselves—songs, oracles, Destiny. Temples and thrones are *things* but beloved songs, illuminative oracles and thundering Destiny are *flowing words*. The *Aber* can let us reconnect things that first appeared to be separate. It is true that one can easily distinguish the sound of a carriage moving over cobblestone streets from the sound of water from a fountain splashing into flower beds as well as from an ocean surging. But now we have moved from things as the focus of our attention, to forces that grasp us individually and unexpectedly. These *forces* that define our Being more than objects do, show themselves to have the character of never-ending change. We are engaged with the erupting of that sacred fire within. What has come to presence is force. This force shows us the nature of what is.

Each of us will make sense of Hölderlin's poem as we can, through our own flowing word or taste. The opportunities are endless. Let's look at one more example, Van Gogh's *The Red Vineyard*³ — the only painting he sold during his life. In a letter to Eugene Bloch of October,

³ Vincent van Gogh artist QS:P170,Q5582, Vincent van Gogh - Red Vineyard at Arles (1888), adjust size, CC0 1.0



1888, Van Gogh mentions this painting: "Ah well, I have to go to work in the vineyard, near Montmajour. It's all purplish yellow green under the blue sky, a beautiful, color motif." A *beautiful color motif, flowing color* is Van Gogh's *Measure*. The painting was done not in the vineyard, *en plein air*, but in his studio in his house, *zu Hause*. One does see in the painting those purples and yellows and greens, but the sky is not blue. *Aber* most of all there is the red. One might even be tempted to think the red suggests the eruption of Hölderlin's sacred fire as much as it does the grapes being harvested. At the end of the poem, Hölderlin does refer to wine specifically in the context of the Greek god *Dionysus*, the embodiment of the mystery of grapes becoming wine. Bread, too, is mentioned, as the mysterious fruit of the Earth blessed by sunshine that comes to us through the Greek goddess *Kore*. On the border of the vineyard and its adjacent field there is a space that seems to be a path (Hölderlin would call it a *Feldweg*, path/*Weg* to the field/*Feld*) but looks also like a stream. In either case, it is *flowing*. On the other side of the vineyard and its adjacent field is a row of trees that have a similar sense of flowing. This painting has always fascinated me ever since I saw it in the *Hermitage* in what was at that time (1969) Leningrad. One can certainly identify people in the vineyard picking grapes. There is a wagon that might have a grape press on it or it could carry the grapes to a press somewhere else. A person is walking in the path to the field (or wading in the stream) beside the vineyard. And there is a huge yellow sun in the yellow sky, ripening grapes for wine and grain for bread. But *Aber* the painting has a *presence of forces* rather than of workers or of a path/stream or of the sun.

Another fragment from Heraclitus comes to mind: "You cannot step twice into the same river." Nor can I taste the same *De Montille Volnay Taillepieds* twice. And it is those forces of that which changes that Hölderlin shares with us in his poem. ■

Title Page Image

Vincent van Gogh - *Starry Night on the Rhône*, 1888

oil on canvas

Height: 720 mm (28.34 in); Width: 920 mm (36.22 in)

Musée d'Orsay, Paris

[Vincent van Gogh](#) artist QS:P170,Q5582

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